



the anglican digest

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MICHAELMAS A.D. 1985

THE COVERS: The nave of St John's Cathedral, Denver, front cover, looking toward "The Last Judgment" window over the cathedral portal, by Edward Frampton, London designer, 1914. Our back cover portrays Saint Michael [San Miguel] by Walter Rawley, New Mexico sculptor.

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The Rt Rev Michael Marshall

Honorary Assistant Bishop of London

Episcopal Director

Gene C. Pruett, Editor

The Rev'd H.L. Foland, Founder

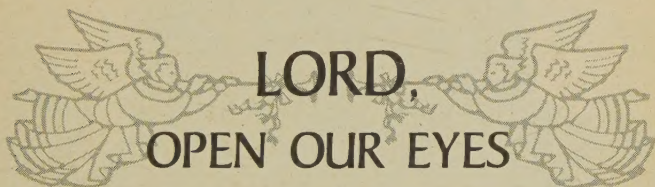
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A miscellany reflecting the words and work of
the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion.



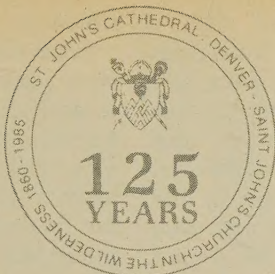
“THEREFORE WITH ANGELS AND ARCHANGELS, and with all the company of heaven.....” Christians of all persuasions have consistently affirmed the “company of heaven” as the full context of all their worship for, in a sense, Christians are never more “at home” than when they see themselves as in the fellowship of all the saints and in the company of angels.

Today, science fiction seems to become increasingly part of our everyday world of fact. Is it so hard to stretch the Christian imagination to that point where our world is wonderfully ventilated by the fuller environment of heaven? “Open the young man’s eyes that he may see” is the prayer of the prophet. “And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

THAT IS A VISION all Christians need to recapture in our fight against evil and against temptation. “Those that be with us are more than those that be with them.” There are angels and archangels and they are on our side, if we are on the Lord’s side. That is the good news of Michaelmas to every man and woman enlisted in the Lord’s service. “Lord, open our eyes that we may see.”

—The Rt Rev’d Michael Marshall, *Episcopal Director*





ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL DENVER

THE ENGLISH GOTHIC STRUCTURE of St John's Cathedral in Denver, Colorado, is presently surrounded by a public school, several apartment houses, and Bill's Bump Shop, an auto repair outlet. A few homes for the indigent are close by; so is the governor's mansion. To the northwest, behind the gold dome of the state capitol building, an expanding skyline of the business district competes with the peaks of the Rockies.

Many residents of the neighborhood are members of the cathedral, but its appeal reaches far beyond its urban setting. In fact, current membership reflects a cross-section of 1,700 households throughout the metropolitan area. St John's Cathedral, having ignored the '50s flight to the suburbs, today remains in the midst of things, an integral part of a rapidly growing city.

THE INTERWEAVING OF St John's history with that of the city goes back 125 years to the day that the Reverend John H. Kehler of Virginia stepped off a stagecoach in Denver City in 1860. In just a few days he had organized not a mission but the first full-fledged Episcopal parish in what would soon be the State of Colorado. The congregation aptly chose the name "St John's Church in the Wilderness," since the nearest Episcopal church was a good 200 miles away.

SOON THE SAGEBRUSH wilderness was replaced by boom-town constructions, all with a wildness of their own. And from the beginning St John's was a part of the growth; in fact, only 25 years passed before the parish had built St John's Cathedral, at that time the third Episcopal cathedral in the United States. After fire destroyed the building in 1904, the second (and present) cathedral was begun in 1905, with work being halted in 1911.

RESERVATIONS, PLEASE?

The original architectural plans show an ornate structure, twice the size of the present one. These plans have been dusted off by a newly formed committee that has been charged by the dean, the Very Reverend Donald S. McPhail, with the task of studying the feasibility of finishing the cathedral as well as trying to anticipate the long-range needs of a growing parish.

St John's is confronting an increasing need for space. Although the pews seat 1,000, too often the sextons must set up extra chairs to accommodate an overflow crowd of worshippers or concert-goers. As a result of Dean McPhail's demand for excellence in liturgy and preaching, average Sunday attendance now exceeds 1,000. Last Easter, over 600 people had to be turned away from the over-crowded services. Additional services are scheduled for this Christmas season

so that no one need be turned away from Lessons and Carols or Christmas Eve services.

Since some at the cathedral view extra services as only stop-gap measures, the word "building" is heard frequently at St John's these days, spoken by those who hope to make a 75-year-old dream a reality. But for the time being, "building" means other things as well at St John's, defining the changing parish life as much as plans for completing the cathedral.

PROGRAMS

Perhaps reflecting the ebb and flow of the Episcopal Church itself, St John's has experienced inevitable cycles of growth and decline during the past century and a quarter. Some organizations established in the 1940's and 1950's are being rejuvenated; many new ones are forming.

CATCHING THE SPIRIT

Reaching out, or evangelism, comes in many forms at St John's. It could be bringing a friend to "First Fridays," a monthly book study drawing together a growing crowd from the cathedral and from other churches, even the unchurched. Or it could be asking someone to "Wonderful Wednesday," a weekly dinner and study program. Last year's most popular Wednesday evening was an appearance by Colorado's controversial Governor Richard Lamm who pretended to be a seminarian or



The originally proposed cathedral, designed early in this century by Tracy & Swartout, architects.

trial for heresy. Debating his “triage
thics” as a philosophy to deal with
he dying, the poor, and the hungry
were a panel of theologians.

Another of the cathedral’s most
successful attempts to welcome the
community into the church came in
the form of a two-day, standing-
room-only workshop conducted by
Dr Scott Peck, psychotherapist and
author of the best seller, *The Road
Less Traveled*.

But perhaps the best-known pro-
gram for attracting newcomers to St
John’s is its music series, this year
comprising 22 concerts open to the
public. The 1985-86 season includes
internationally famous choirs such as
the Choir of King’s College from

Cambridge, St George’s Chapel
Choir of Windsor Castle, and the
Staats-und-Domchor from Berlin.
Four top American organists will
also perform, as will St John’s artists
in residence, the Aries Brass Quintet.

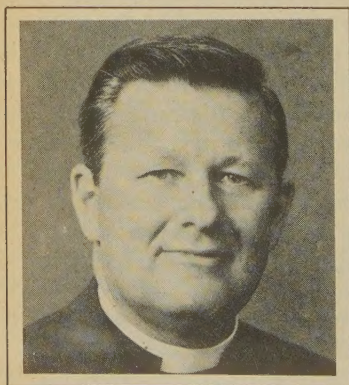
Another program which holds
equal promise for attracting new
members is the burgeoning youth
program. For several years the kids
have taken group outings—an
average of ten per season—to near-
by ski slopes. This year, with the hir-
ing of a full-time youth director, the
program is really taking off—and so
are the kids, on a 575-mile bike trip
through the Rockies.

But that was the summer of ’85.
For next year, plans include Col-

orado River rafting and a houseboating trip. And summer after next, the dream is a trip abroad. Meanwhile the ranks are building as teenagers go off to camp, held at a nearby campground for a week every summer, Bible studies over breakfast before school, and dozens of other lively gatherings.

Today, over sixty groups vie for slots on the parish calendar. In the past four years the active Sunday congregation has increased from 500 to 1,000 and the paid staff from 13 to 22 full-time employees. A few years ago, the kitchen was directed by a part-time cook; last year two "cathedral caterers" served over 20,000 meals.

More than 400 parishoners are at the forefront of outreach in many ways. Several parishioners, for instance, have worked for 23 years with the Neighborly Hour, a monthly gathering for seniors. Parish



Donald S. McPhail

groups visit shut-ins or bring to St. John's those unable to attend services or other activities. This fall some lay visitors will begin the 26-week Stephen Ministry course—training to work with people hospitalized, in nursing homes, with other kinds of needs.

CONTINUING A 125-YEAR tradition, other parishioners provide clothing, reading material, and food to care organizations in the city. One such organization, the Episcopal Pastoral Center, originated at the cathedral and now run by the Diocese of Colorado. Designated by the national Church one of five "Jubilee Centers," the Pastoral Center has become a model for such organizations throughout the country.

So what began in the 1950's as a pioneer effort of the Women of St. John's to assist the poor in the parish and its immediate neighborhood now occupies two large facilities, and with a staff of fifty cares for approximately 40 hungry and homeless per day.

Interested in expanding their service to the community, the Women of St. John's (the parish's largest organization) has set the theme for the cathedral for '85-'86 as "A Year to Reach Out." New programs at St. John's are leading the way: a vestry-appointed Urban Concerns Committee and a counseling office—a joint venture with Lutheran Social Services of Colorado—which pro-

vides minimal-cost professional therapy.

YOUTH MINISTRY

The youth have an important link with St John's youngest parishioners, as well. It's the youth who are the puppeteers of the cathedral's puppet troupe, the Apostolic Ragtime Band. The puppets themselves are life-sized and puppet-styled. Each Sunday during Children's Chapel they lead tots through contemporary versions of Scriptural stories, culminating in a veritable drama festival at vacation Bible school in mid-summer. And it's not only the children who look forward to the Band's occasional appearances at services in the cathedral; even the bishops are on a first name basis with the 11-member troupe.

The signs are unmistakable that St John's has been experiencing a new spirit ever since Dean McPhail arrived from St Peter's Church, Bay Shore, NY in April, 1981. This spirit has evolved from Dean McPhail's view that "everyone at St John's is a minister of Christ. Everyone is encouraged to serve Christ in his or her own characteristic way—it could be out in the open or utterly unseen."

To publicize all that's going on, the communications office has grown from a single volunteer to two staff members plus a hard-working volunteer committee. Parishioners can attest to the increas-

ed number of mailings received from the cathedral—sometimes even two or three a week.

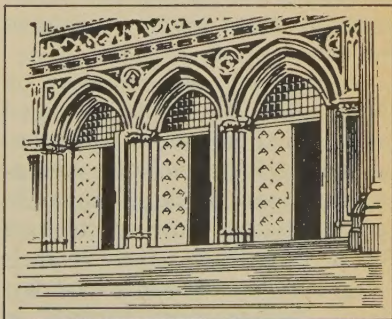
PAX

The communications office has even thought of adopting "Tempus Fugit" (under a pair of crossed running shoes) as the cathedral logo, but "Pax" and a pair of praying hands would represent the heart of the matter.

Some of the many who race deadlines at St John's are also regular members of the contemplative prayer group which meets three times a week for silent communal prayer. The Daughters of the King, a lay order dedicated to spiritual growth, has been revived in recent years at the cathedral, too, and is growing.

The statistician, therefore, could present only a partial picture. The true picture reveals a Spirit-filled church in today's sometime wilderness.

—David Houston and Anna Murray, St John's Cathedral, Denver, Diocese of Colorado.



A LUCKY BREAK

EVER SINCE MY SENIOR Liturgics course in seminary, I have been extremely meticulous about how the Holy Eucharist should be celebrated. The more blunt-spoken of my parishioners might substitute "pompous and nitpicking" for "meticulous." It is true that I have an unfortunate habit of staring laser beams through a giggling acolyte, or raising my eyes heavenward and heaving a martyred sigh at a layreader's absent-mindedness. "If you're going to do the thing at all," I tell myself, "do it right." I like to give God the best I can offer him when I preside at His Table, and I give a good deal of thought and care to every motion and gesture. At its best, the liturgy is a graceful, state-ly dance before the Lord of Glory, with priest and people rejoicing in his love.

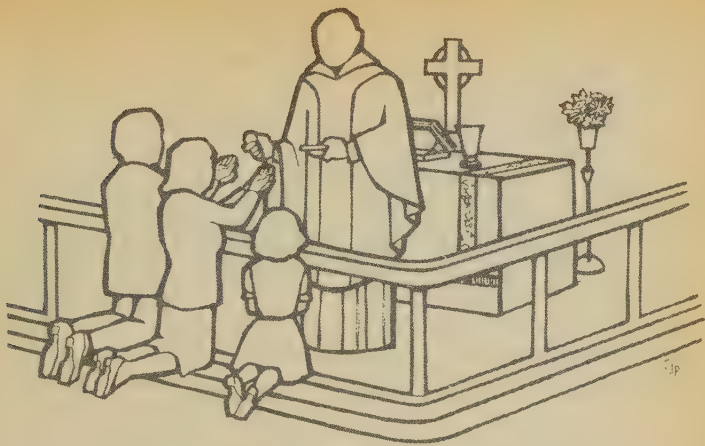
A moment of clumsiness on November 7, 1984, changed everything I brought to the leadership of the Holy Eucharist. An unseen chair sent me into a vaudeville pratfall Harold Lloyd would have been proud of. The doctor's diagnosis escalated over several days from "severe wrist sprain" to

"cracked radius" to "fracture of the navicular." The pebble-sized navicular lies at the base of the thumb, where a Regency dandy would place a pinch of snuff. I found myself sporting a plaster cast on my right arm that went from knuckles almost to the elbow, with the thumb in an awkward hitchhiker's signal.

All the care and precision I had so proudly brought to the outward signs of the liturgy suddenly vanished. Each celebration of the Eucharist became a comedy of spilled wine, fumbled chalices, and dropped purificators. The Great Cross, traced in the air in absolution and blessing, was a clumsy wave. The central act of the drama, the Breaking of the Bread, was done with a Host on the table top grasped between index and middle fingers.

I WAS EXASPERATED with God. Why had he treated me, his servant, this way? Why had he made me so clumsy and self-conscious about the one thing that meant the most to me as his priest?

Slowly, His answer came. Like a stage set coming out of the darknes



as the lights are turned up, the wider dimensions of the liturgy began to become clear to me. I had to ask for more help from altar guild, acolytes, and chalice bearers. At first, this enforced helplessness galled me. Then I began to see it as a kind of living metaphor for the offering made by the whole people of God. Priest and people are all joined in the great Sacrifice, each contributing a part of the action, just as each grain of wheat is a part of the bread.

With my hands idle, I began to be more aware of the words of the liturgy. As the weeks of the Church year revolved from the post-Pentecost season to the Epiphanytide, one Eucharist Prayer followed another. The phrases became facets of a jewel, each giv-

ing its own view of the inner light of the great Mystery of Christ's presence: "...You did not abandon us to the power of death...not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offenses...in these last days you sent him to be incarnate...sanctify us, also...a perpetual memory of that his precious death and sacrifice...we may enter the everlasting heritage of your sons and daughters....All honor and glory are yours, Almighty Father...."

I became more and more conscious of the precious gift of my priesthood, and the joy and privilege of gathering in the Church's prayer the gladness and sorrow, the wholeness and brokenness of all the brothers and sisters of Jesus called to Messiah's feast.

THE EXTERNALS OF the liturgy

matter only insofar as they make us more aware of the Mystery at the heart of the Eucharist—the loving, healing touch of the Risen Christ. In the past few weeks, I have offered the sacrifice of the Eucharist vested in white silk and cloth of gold, surrounded by the majesty of Vivaldi's *Gloria in Excelsis*. I have also shared the presence of Christ in a crowded hospital room with the soap-opera babble of the television set for background music and a cluttered formica tabletop for altar. You were with us at both times, and at all times, brother Jesus.

When I got my A in seminary Liturgics, I knew everything there was to know about the Eucharist. God has used the inconvenience of a cracked bone and a plaster cast to open my eyes to the eternal, unfolding Mystery of his presence.

THE CARMELITE FATHER Noel Dermot O'Donoghue has said it best in *The Holy Mountain*: The center (of the Eucharist), or rather the vital energy that fills the sanctuary, is the prayer of Christ and the presence of Christ in that prayer. This presence is as real, as substantial as the prayer is real and substantial. The young priest has not as yet

attained to the dimensions of this prayer any more than Peter had on Thabor or in Gethsemane. But he has, however, tremblingly, even foolishly, responded to this call to pray with Christ, and here he is most fully involved in this prayer. He does not at all realize that he is as yet a babe in arms, that he is being carried by the prayer of Christ and the Church, perhaps even by the prayer of some of those who are his flock. As time goes on he will learn all this, and will come to admire the courage of Peter even when he could but touch the fringes of the mystery. So his making is an unmaking, his knowing is an unknowing and his breaking of the bread more and more a breaking of himself, so that he too may follow his Master into the glory of Resurrection."

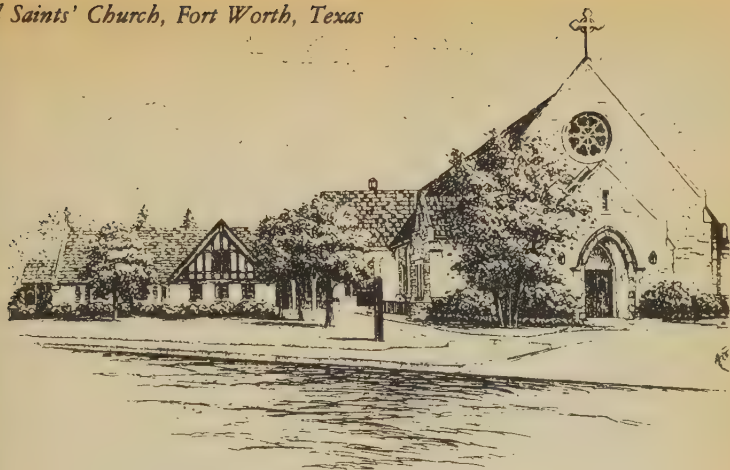
The cast, finally!, came off on January 21. Now the Lord once again has my hands when I come to His Table. He also has much more of my heart.

—The Rev'd John Borrego, Rector, St. Andrew's Church, Charlotte, in *The Communicant*, Diocese of North Carolina.

SOMEDAY

Someday, after mastering the wind, the waves, the tides and gravity, we shall harness for God the energies of love. And then, for the second time in the history of the world, man will have discovered fire.

—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, from IITAD, 1970



THE DANGERS OF CHURCH-GOING

AT FIRST GLANCE you may well think that this is a strange title especially when it comes from the pen of a clergyman. In this modern world when we are trying to get more people to attend church surely we should not be warning of dangers for church-goers!

I feel that we get anxious about those who do not go to worship when in actual fact we should be more anxious about those who do. In other words we do not appreciate the dangers which attend the habitual church-goer. Probably we are unaware of the subtle tempta-

tions that assail the soul which has become familiarized with the appeal of divine things.

For example there is the danger of regarding the sermon as something which requires our criticism, and no doubt many people plead guilty in this respect. Others might feel that the sermon has no other use than to furnish material for a nice discussion on theology.

It is so dangerously easy to fall into this temptation of being interested in religion, to coldly dissect the deepest truths by which we live, and to find a certain thrill in discussing God and His ways without ever



St Mark's Church, San Antonio Texas

committing ourselves to these ways. To put it simply, we may chew on the word of God but never swallow it.

THEN THERE IS the danger of taking just a literary interest in the Bible. It is so easy to become enthralled by the beauty of its prose and miss completely the keenness and sweep of the two-edged sword. There are those who will talk about the haunting beauty of the words rather than any religious motive they may contain.

Then, again, there are people in every congregation who expect to get an emotional thrill (yes, even Anglicans!) out of every religious service, and who are most annoyed when they are almost inevitably disappointed. Such people need to be reminded that when everything is said and done, a church service is

not like a feature film or a spectacle which is laid on for their benefit, and which one is entitled to criticize or condemn if it does not come up to one's expectations.

It is also tragically possible to treat Jesus Christ the Friend and Savior of mankind in exactly the same way. The gospels give us examples of people who were interested in or attracted by Christ but never surrendered their will to His obedience. There was a young man who seemed really earnest and flung himself at our Lord's feet asking what he must do to inherit eternal life. Jesus told him plainly what real life involved, but he was saddened and turned his back on Him.

We may well treat Jesus in precisely the same way. We may be deeply moved by pictures of Christ bearing His Cross or by such hymns as "There is a green hill" or "When I survey". All these may bring tears to our eyes. Yet when all is said and done, God does not want our tears. He wants our hearts and our wills. You see the gospel is not merely comforting, it is also challenging.

If these are the dangers, how are we to avoid them? One way is constantly to remind ourselves why we go to church and what we hope to do when we get there.

IT IS WELL KNOWN that psychologically, any appeal, whether to the intellect or the emotions, which does not result in action of some kind, weakens either

he intellectual or the emotional side of a person's nature or both. Every impression on the soul should lead to some practical and vital expression in common life.

One theologian once said that the final test of a speech or sermon is, "What does it make us do? Does it make us lead a new life, or increase our subscription?" When we think of the preaching of the apostles in the Acts we find that the consciences of the people were pierced and they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Then when they returned to their homes in Jerusalem they did not praise the preacher for his fine voice or good use of words. Rather, they spoke like people subdued by the overpowering strength and evidence of

the truth, and then took action accordingly.

We should all pray for such a vision of God's face and truth that the armor plates of self-complacency and self-righteousness will be torn from our backs. Also that we may have the courage to deal heart to heart and face to face with Him whose words or truth and grace burn up our virtues and self-content.

It is not the person who admires and applauds that God wants, but the one who trembles at His Word. What God wants from each of us is a pure and contrite spirit. "Be doers of the Word and not hearers only." —The Rev'd G. Mervyn Dunn, St Mark's Church, Iroquois Falls, Ontario, in *The Northland*, Diocese of Moosonee.

ONE WITH ANGELS

WHEN I PRAY it is not one little piper piping alone - it is certainly one individual, but joining in an orchestra. The whole Church of God makes up that orchestra. It has been praying since there was a church. It began at least as long ago as Abraham. It took on a new dimension when those two pairs of brothers made their response by the Lake of Galilee. It gained fresh jubilation at Pentecost. Now, its members come from all over the world and the greater part of them have gone on ahead. But it is one orchestra. It goes on - and will go on till the Great Day. Then all disharmonies will fade away. Meanwhile, when I pray - even when I am coldest and most formal - I 'chip in'. I take my part in the great orchestra. I am one with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven.

—Lord Coggan, Archbishop of Canterbury [retired],
in *The Friar's Messenger*, St Francis Episcopal Church,
Macon, Georgia, Diocese of Atlanta.

WALTER RAWLEY: ARTIST



WALTER RAWLEY IS an active churchman. He is a licensed lay reader, chalice bearer and teacher of acolytes. He has served on the vestry of Holy Mount Church in Ruidoso, New Mexico and acted as Junior Warden. He has attended the Preacher Lewis School which trains Canon 10 deacons and Canon 8 priests from the Diocese of the Rio Grande. He has taught the Kerygma Bible Study of the parish. There is almost no aspect of parish

life in which Rawley has not served. He is a very devoted churchman—and Walter Rawley is an artist.

WIELDING A CARVING knife most of his life, he uses tools that he has designed and made. Primarily self-taught, he reads and studies all the books and examples he can find. He *did* study sculpture under Octavio Medellin and has exhibited with Medellin's classes. He and his wife June have lived in Ruidoso since 1973, moving there from Dallas, Texas. Walter has been casting bronze sculptures of his own work and that of other artists as his principle business while doing a few commissioned church design projects each year.

His artistic endeavors reflect the profound faith of the sculptor-churchman, who says, "My purpose is to enhance and reinforce the liturgical aspect of worship with good art..." Nine churches of various denominations have commissioned Rawley, a former contractor, for his unique cross motif designs. "In every cross, my primary goal is to ensure the design is related to both the architecture of the building and the denominations' traditions or disciplines,"

Casting bronzes keeps Rawley busy between church commissions, as does his gallery-gift shop. He operates one of the finer small foundries in the Southwest.

A MAJOR WORK

His most ambitious work to date is titled "San Miguel / Revelations 12:9" and has the subtitle, "Satan, the deceiver of the whole world, was thrown down to earth." A color photograph of this sculpture graces the back cover of this issue of *The Anglican Digest*.

This is a wood sculpture from an Alligator Juniper tree cut from the side of Capitan Mountain. The three-quarter life-size figure totals 7 feet 8 inches in height with the form of the satan-serpent and spear cast in bronze. Completed in the late summer of 1983, work on the piece extended over a two and one-half year period.

One of the main intentions of the sculpture is to show the tremendous power that God's forces—in this case Saint Michael [San Miguel]—exercise over Satan with a minimum of violence. And note that though Satan is being cast from heaven, his attention is on the viewer—you and me—*not* San Miguel.

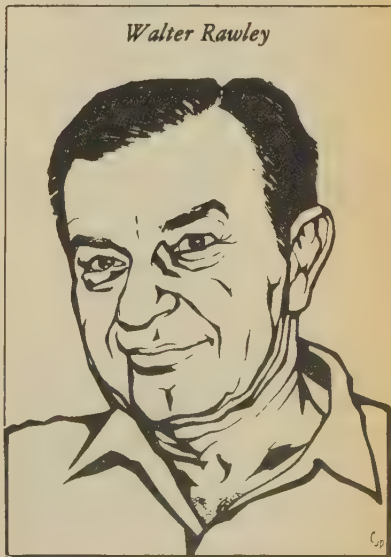
License was taken in using classic forms of the Southwest in the rattlesnake form of the serpent and the Clovis point on the spear. The Clovis point is generally conceded to be one of the oldest artifacts known

in the western world.

The figure's surface is left with tool-marked textures for play of light. All the surface areas are finished with clear carnauba wax or an oil finish. The rear surface has been left the natural weathered surface as it stood on the mountain.

Wood grain patterns almost always enhance the form in wood sculpture. This piece provided a very remarkable grain pattern: Its growth center—the center of all "rings"—fell precisely in the center of San Miguel's mouth, providing an exact symmetrical grain pattern for the whole face. Only one sculptor could accomplish such an occurrence and He created both the juniper tree and the real San Miguel in the first place.

Walter Rawley



WITH ANGELS



THEREFORE WE PRAISE YOU, joining our voices with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, who forever sing this hymn to proclaim the glory of your Name ... —*The Book of Common Prayer*, page 362.

THERE ARE VERY FEW scholars and theologians today who would dare to explore publicly, in articles and books, the existence and role of angels. We pay them lip service at every celebration of the Holy Eucharist and in many other liturgical acts, but when have we clergy last preached a sermon on angels? When have you laymen last heard your pastor preach a homily on archangels?

Modern man living in the atomic age faces three difficulties in thinking about angels: [1] He finds it difficult to imagine an angel or picture him with his pure reason, except through the language of visual art or poetry. [2] He finds that this age has debased the ideas of angels while elevating the notion of the devil and demonic forces, and [3] being modern, he is tempted to consider angelic beings as mere unsubstantiated myth, sharing the same unreality with gnomes, hobbits, leprechauns, ghosts and "things that go bump in the night".

Against this incredulous, abrasive and analytical milieu, there is the position of the Book of Common

AND ARCHANGELS

Prayer: *The Concordance to the American Book of Common Prayer*, published in 1970, lists 67 references to angels and 3 to archangels in the 1928 Book of Common Prayer. No one has yet counted the references to angels in the 1979 Book of Common Prayer. Suffice it to mention that "Saint Michael and All Angels" is a major feast day in the liturgical calendar, observed on 29 September, and that the collect for this day is printed on page 193 in the traditional version and on page 244 in contemporary language.

THEN THERE IS the evidence of the Bible. Let us bypass the Old Testament for the moment. As far as we can discern, the New Testament indicates esteem and reverence for angels. The authors of the New Testament books do not think to question their existence. We are told that St Gabriel brought the message of motherhood and the incarnation to the Blessed Virgin Mary [see the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, BCP pps 188 and 240; St Luke 1:26-38] and that a choir of angels sang at Jesus' birth [St Luke 2:1-20, to be read in Cycles A, B and C]. Again, angels ministered to

Jesus [St Matthew 4:11] and were mentioned by him in his preaching [e.g. St Luke 15:10]. They heralded his resurrection [St Matthew 28:2 and St Mark 16:5], and accompanied his ascension into heaven [Acts 1:10], and they will be present when he comes again to judge the world [St Mark 8:38] if we are to believe the evangelist. Of course, all this may be irrelevant to many modern "Christians" who do not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ or his resurrection; to them angelology is just an imaginative "lovely cosmetic".

It is an incontrovertible fact that Jesus transmitted his own affection for the angels to his apostles and, through them, to the whole Church. All we need to do is read the Acts of the Apostles, the letters of St Paul and the Book of Revelation: they all indicate an awareness not only that angels exist, but that they are our friends, helping and guarding us here on earth, and that in the next life we will be closely united with them in the beatific vision of God and enjoying the glories of heaven.

WE SHOULD REMIND ourselves that among the many functions and duties that God has assigned to his angels are the care and guardianship of man and woman against physical and spiritual evil. According to the Psalter, God made "a little lower than the angels" [Ps 8:5], and then he gave commandment to guard man all the days of his life: "For he shall give his angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways" [Ps 91:11-12]. The Church has taught throughout all the ages that all children have a guardian angel because of the words of our Lord himself: "See that you do not despise one of these little ones; for I tell you that their angels in heaven always behold the face of my Father in heaven [St Matthew 18:10]. This

implies that each one of us has a guardian angel. St Jerome wrote: "Great is the dignity of souls, that each of them has an angel assigned for its protection".

On the 29th day of September, the Church observes the Feast of Saint Michael the Archangel and his heavenly host. In the Book of Daniel [10:21] he is identified as the Chosen People's special protector and "prince". In the Book of Enoch he is depicted as a mighty captain, acting with other angels to thrust earth's evil rulers into the fiery furnace. He is also portrayed as intercessor for mankind. In the Book of Revelation he is portrayed as the mighty champion against the forces of evil [Rev. 12:7-9], and the Epistle of Jude [v. 9] refers to a Michaelite legend, probably based



COLLECT FOR THE FEAST OF
ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

Everlasting
God, YOU
ORDAINED AND CONSTITUTED
IN A WONDERFUL ORDER THE MINISTRIES OF
ANGELS AND MORTALS: MERCIFULLY
GRANT THAT, AS YOUR HOLY ANGELS ALWAYS
SERVE AND WORSHIP YOU IN HEAVEN, SO BY YOUR
APPOINTMENT THEY MAY HELP AND DEFEND US
HERE ON EARTH; THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD,
WHO LIVES AND REIGNS WITH YOU AND THE HOLY SPIRIT,
ONE GOD, FOR EVER AND EVER + + + + AMEN +

on the apocryphal Assumption of Moses. In it Michael exorcises Satan with the words, "May the Lord rebuke you, Satan!" This rebuke is spoken of in Zechariah 3:1-12 by the nameless "angel of Yahweh". Tradition says that Michael was the guardian angel of St Paul [Acts 27:23-24].

The 29th day of September was chosen because, on that day, a basilica honoring St Michael was dedicated on the Salarian Way, north of Rome, during the fourth century. Eastern Orthodox devotion to St Michael, especially in Constantinople, where many churches are dedicated to him, made him patron of the sick. In the Orthodox calendar he is honored by two feasts [the Apparition on May 29, and the Dedication of September 29].

Thou, gentle Michael of the white steed,
Who subdued the Dragon of blood,

For love of God and the Son of Mary,
Spread over us thy wing, shield us all!
Spread over us thy wing, shield us all!

* Translated from the Gaelic by Alexander Carmichael in *Crofter Royal Commission Report*, Edinburgh, 1884.

—Fr Cyril, OAR, St. Michael's Forest Valley Priory, Tajique, New Mexico in *The Meristem*.



"I saw angels with the eyes of my body as plainly as I see you and when they left me I cried, for I wanted them to take me with them."—St Joan of Arc at her trial [1412-1431].

"I saw this beautiful angel ... In his hands I saw a long golden spear with a tip of fire. With it he pierced my heart several times ..."—St Teresa of Avila [1515-1582].

DARE TO BE MEN

I LIKE VERY MUCH the notion of Pascal that people in authority need to dress up in order to justify their position of eminence. "If judges didn't wear ermine," Pascal said, "who could possibly suppose that they were capable of dispensing true justice?" We could say the same of priests in their vestments, scholars in their gowns, admirals in their gold braid and generals with their red tabs, kings and queens with their crowns and their orbs, and chefs with their tall white hats. In the same sort of way, clowns have to paint their faces in order that some people may know they are being funny. Authority, in other words, requires an image. Men in relation to power become images; it is only in their relation to God that they dare to be men.

—Malcolm Muggeridge, *A Twentieth Century Testimony*.



FACING THE WORLD OF EVIL

WITCHES, POLTERGEISTS, Satanists, demon possession and so forth would hardly have been taken seriously in clergy circles a generation ago. Recently, a large gathering of clergy and lay workers listened at Whalley Abbey to two experts in this field: one an experienced priest, the other a Christian psychiatrist.

Both urged scepticism when advising, for example, a family claiming their council house is haunted. If the story is neatly told and plausible, it is probably an in-

genious attempt to obtain a transfer to another area!

When there *is* poltergeist activity, and both speakers instanced genuine examples of this, it is usually a psychic force set in motion through someone who is disturbed, anxious or guilt-ridden. Or the cause may be a departed person who is restless—this is known as place-memory.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS at a false teeth factory once required psychical investigation. The lights would swing for no reason, articles

kept vanishing, the locked main door would not stay closed. After eliminating all possible natural explanations, the priest and a colleague tracked the problem down to a partner in the firm who had a deep personal problem. He was counseled and the poltergeist activity promptly ceased.

DANGEROUS GAMES

Ouija boards and sometimes games like 'Dungeons and Dragons' are dangerous and there have been cases of young people having serious nervous breakdowns. The world of evil is a reality. At one extreme are the Satanists and Satanist temples where much evil is perpetrated in secret by devotees who swear to oppose Christ and everything good.

At the other extreme are those who imagine themselves to be demon possessed; but known cases of this are rare. The trouble is nearly always the person's own mental disturbance. Someone who reckons to be possessed is definitely not so because a genuinely possessed person will not realize it.

Indeed, the world of evil is a modern industry with, for example, horror movies and comic books of



the occult kind. There is great curiosity in the subject with a lot of money to be made out of it. This curiosity is all too inevitable when there is no Christian faith and no experience of that more glorious power, the presence of the risen Christ.

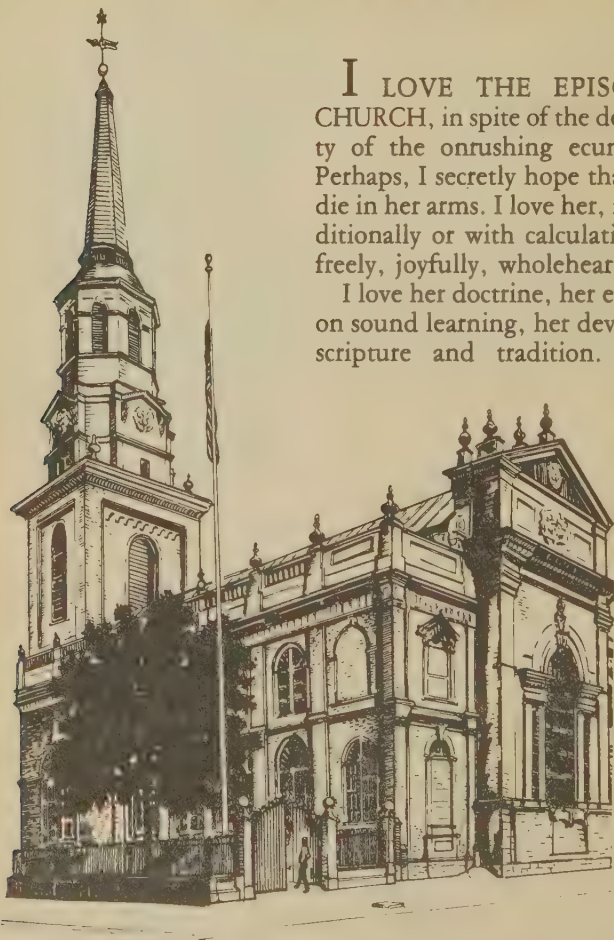
—*The See*, a publication of the Diocese of Blackburn [England].

POSTSCRIPT: Model witches, popular in schools and Brownie groups at Hallowe'en, may not be as innocent as they appear. Various clergy, including the Rev'd Trevor Southgate, Vicar of Fleetwood, who is the Bishop's Advisor for the diocese on these matters, warn against the making of witches because real danger can follow upon a child's early introduction to these symbols of the dark, unseen world. —*The See*.

'TIS LOVE

I LOVE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, in spite of the desirability of the onrushing ecumenism. Perhaps, I secretly hope that I may die in her arms. I love her, not conditionally or with calculation, but freely, joyfully, wholeheartedly.

I love her doctrine, her emphasis on sound learning, her devotion to scripture and tradition. But, I



Christ Episcopal Church, affectionately known as "the Nation's Church" founded November 15, 1695, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

love, too, the freedom which she grants her children; her openness to the new, her breadth of humanity.

I love the stone and brick Victorian stateliness of her old city parishes, even when they get down at the heels because "the neighborhood has changed". And her tatty little small-town churches, smelling faintly of mice and damp, kept going somehow in the face of great difficulty by devoted self-giving souls.

I LOVE HER HIGH-CHURCH places with their clouds of smoke from the incense pot and their ranks of statues. And no less do I love her low-church parishes—all furniture polish and gleaming brass and memorial tablets.

I love the bright young families proudly ranged in their pews on Sunday morning, and the sparse little congregations on weekdays, whose hushed devotion to their Lord is an almost palpable radiance. And her old priests whose eyes show the compassion taught them in a life-time; and her young priests who are so sure that the world can be won in five years.

I LOVE THE LETTERS to *The Living Church* which begin, 'Dear Sir: It is high time ...', and the solemn nonsense with which the Executive Council launches a new project; the billowing sleeves of the Bishop's rochet and the whole mad range of possible headgear that clerics can wear. I love the battered Prayer Books in the pew racks, that so often turn out to be hymnals.

I love the eccentric old ladies in city parishes who dress in liturgical colors. And the uproarious stories about departed dignitaries that are told wherever priests gather and have time for small talk.

I love the hands of young and old reverently raised to receive the sacrament.

I really can't help it. I don't know if everybody ought to be an Episcopalian; it may be that other people feel as strongly about their churches as I do about mine. I do know that I love the Episcopal Church, that I am sworn to her, forsaking all others.

I'm glad of it. And it isn't denominational loyalty or sectarian spirit or party fervor. It's love!

—The Rev'd Canon Donald Henning [retired], Diocese of Dallas,
in *The Sandpiper*, All Angels by the Sea, Longboat Key,
Diocese of Southwest Florida.

THE FOYER MOVEMENT: IT JUST KEEPS GROWING

TWICE A YEAR, in the spring and in the fall, members of St Philip's Cathedral family are invited to participate in the Foyer Program. Usually some 200 people, representing all segments of the congregation, accept this invitation. They come into the program with differing expectations of what it can do for them, and what they can do for it. Since the next cycle of Foyers will start in September, and Cathedralites are now being invited to sign up for the program, it's time to take a closer look at the Foyer system and its parent group, the Community of the Cross of Nails.

Anyone who signs up to participate in Foyers will be assigned to a specific *Foyer group* for a period of six months. This group of about eight people [sometimes seven, sometimes nine] will include all types: single persons [including the widowed and divorced], married couples, men, women, people in their early 20s, people in their 80s, active church workers, people with no other church involvement, students, professional people, the unemployed, retirees ... the whole spectrum.

THESE GROUPS THEN meet together once a month in each other's homes, each member taking his turn as host, for about two hours of Christian fellowship. [If you think your home is too small, think again—Foyers have met happily in one-room apartments.] There are no programs, no projects, no assigned topics of conversation. The members simply get to know and to love one another [in the Christian sense of the word], as part of the larger community of faith. At each meeting, they share a light meal; this helps cement the bonds that are forming among them. [Notice that this is a *light* meal; sandwiches are fine.] At the end of six months, those who want to continue in the program apply for re-assignment to a new group, and the cycle begins again.

FOYERS HAVE BEEN a part of the Cathedral way of life for around 15 years now, ever since a group of some 132 Cathedralites made a pilgrimage to Coventry Cathedral in England, where the program originated. The Very Rev'd H. C. N. Williams, then Provost [Dean] of that Cathedral, established the first Foyers there as a means of reconciling the various elements within his own congregation. His aim, in his own words, "to bridge the divisions which subtly separate us one from another."

Provost Williams envisioned the Foyers as the first step in a world-wide movement of reconciliation which has been named the Community of the Cross of Nails. The members of a specific Foyer group learn to accept each other as individuals, with individual tastes and viewpoints, and to love each other as brothers and sisters in Christ. Sometimes great friendships result from Foyer groups; sometimes the members are less congenial, but they manage to look beyond their differences and see Christ in each other. Again quoting Provost Williams, "We *actualize* the community that we *ritualize* when we kneel at the altar for Holy Communion."

MANY FOYER MEMBERS eventually join the Community of the Cross of Nails, which is dedicated to the same ideal of reconciliation as the Foyer program. Its symbol is the same as its name: a cross of nails, like the one that hangs beside the pulpit in our own Cathedral. The cross serves to remind us all of the horrible night in 1940, when German bombers destroyed Coventry's 14th-century Cathedral, leaving only a shell standing. Some of the old nails that fell among the ruins were twisted together into a cross; today that cross hangs over the centuries-old altar of the bombed-out Cathedral, along with the words "Father Forgive".

That altar still stands in the shell of the old Cathedral. It serves as a constant reminder of our interdependence as members of the same family—the family consisting of all God's children, all over the earth. —*The Cathedral Times*, St Phillip's Cathedral, Diocese of Atlanta.



If you would like to know more about the FOYER PROGRAM, write Susan or Patrick White, c/o St. Philip's Cathedral, 2744 Peachtree Road, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia 30363.





St John's Cathedral — Denver

The majestic High Altar, *left*, features a Communion Table built in 1880, a Frontal, "The Last Supper", carved by Peter Rendi of Oberammergau in 1910. The choir stalls date from 1943 and the 97-stop organ from 1938. *Above*: The Apse Windows, above the High Altar, were designed by Charles J. Connick of Boston and date from 1963.

THE LISTENER:

FATHER JAMES FLYE 1884-1985

IN MID-APRIL, I received a post card from a Trappist Monastery. As I read the small, clear script, I felt as though something of eternity had been sent under that fourteen cent stamp. "This morning," I read, "the message came—with a simple outbreathing Father Flye died last night in Tennessee, where he has been these past two years, a few miles from Saint Andrews, where he taught from 1918 to 1954, where our friendship (and so many others!) began."

There was one more sentence on the card. "At the time of his hundredth birthday last October, he was spoken of as 'a man who transformed, in some ways, those with whom he associated...changed their lives; he influenced the way they looked at life, at the world around them.'"

I had last met the sender of the post card about ten years ago, when a friend called me and asked whether I would like to meet Father Flye. I would. I would. Ever since my first reading of THE LETTERS OF JAMES AGEE TO FATHER FLYE, I had felt drawn to the Episcopal priest who had been teacher, friend, some said spiritual



director to James Agee from the time of their meeting in 1919 when, a fatherless boy of ten, he came to Saint Andrews, a boarding school, for boys near Sewanee, Tennessee. I had thought of Father Flye as a 'listener'—the listener to whom Agee had been able to tell his story.

It was a hot mid-summer day. We had brought out garden chairs and set them up in the rear of a campus building so that Father Flye would not have to walk too far from

the car. When I saw the slight, frail figure, with the glowing and responsive face, I kept trying to create a metaphor. Father Flye is like a few shoots of bamboo held together by a calligrapher's brush; Father Flye is like the legs of a young egret on which a head turns inquiringly toward us; Father Flye is a weathered shell. *That was it!* What we spoke of, I hardly remember. He quoted some Keats, and another poet whom I did not recognize. His voice was little more than a whisper, but fully alive. He listened, head slightly turned to the side so that his ear would catch our words. It was one of those experiences one remembers: sunlit lawn, a circle of friends, and that weathered shell holding it all.

IN THE FOREWARD to *THE LETTERS*, Robert Phelps speaks of the versatility of James Agee as a writer, and the importance of the letters as a testament to a writer's commitment. The other aspect of the letters is gentler, a narrative of thirty-five years of friendship between Rufus Agee (as he was called in his boyhood) and Father Flye.

In *his* introduction, Father Flye explains a few modest details, then lets the letters tell the story. The school, Saint Andrews, was under the direction of a monastic order of the Episcopal Church, the Order of the Holy Cross. It was "a little community in the country, on the Cumberland Plateau, having at that

time some ninety pupils in the primary grades up to high school. The religious tone was strong and pervasive, but of a friendly, natural and unaffected quality, far removed from anything of piousness or stuffiness." To this school Father Flye had come with his wife in 1918. A year later, Mrs. Agee, a widow with two children, came to live in a cottage on campus. The children were enrolled in the school. James Rufus Agee remained at the school for four years. In the years that followed he wrote to Father Flye. Through the days at Phillips Exeter Academy and those at Harvard, through the years in New York, struggling with writing, passionately concerned that it be his best, Agee shared himself with Father Flye. He was enthused; he was reading Whitman; the whole world was alive in him; he was depressed and disconsolate; he was drinking too much; he was in love; he had a first heart attack. Almost every letter begins "Thanks for your letter," and ends "Love to you and Mrs. Flye." The last letter, May 11, 1955 was enclosed in an air mail envelope, stamped, but never posted. Agee had died on the way to visit his doctor.

ANOTHER GREAT TEACHER, John Holmes, wrote a Phi Beta Kappa poem to be read at Harvard. He called it "The Eleventh Commandment." For Holmes, the eleventh commandment was "listen." The

communication of the poem seems to sum up what Father Flye had done for Agee. He had been a listener.

There is no word unless
A listener to the word
Hears it....

Praise the good listener,
yet envy him.

He is that man who is all
that he has heard.

Study and scholarship have been expended on Agee's writing: his book of poetry, *PERMIT ME VOYAGE*; the study of the tenant farmers, *LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN*; the novella, *THE MORNING WATCH*, and the posthumously published novel, *A DEATH IN THE FAMILY*; film scripts, articles, book reviews. One way into the writing is through the letters.

One of Agee's comments to Father Flye on writing was that it was a problem with no answer and no solution. What one must do is "live as you can, understand all you can, write when, all, and what you can." Again, "What I want to do

is to devise a poetic diction that will cover the whole range of events as perfectly and evenly as skin covers every organ, vital as well as trivial, of the human body." And, later, "I want my vocabulary to have a very large range, but the words *must* be alive." To it all, Father Flye listened.

It fills the listener
to hear a speaker speak.

Think of a lifetime of listening: to the young, to the young as they grew older; to those who need someone to listen; to those who do not even know they need someone to listen. If the death of a listener leaves a void it also leaves a call: be a listener.

One Listener

Is man multiplied, man taking in
time's breath

To be in one body
ancestor and heir

He owes one duty thus: attention.
Praise to Father James Harold Flye
1884-1985.

—Sister Maura, College of Notre
Dame of Maryland, Baltimore,
Maryland.

ACCORDING TO —

• The Very Rev'd John H. Rodgers, Jr., Dean of Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry: The ministry model of hiring a few folks to do ministry while the rest are

ministered to, is the most ungodly and unbiblical model I can think of, and it exists throughout the Church. This model particularly hurts the elderly; they are first to be

neglected. We will never mature as Christian congregations, or carry out God's mission, so long as we neglect the gifts and the ministry of all believers, and our belonging to one another includes the elderly.

• The Rev'd Bernard Thomas Flynn, Rector, St Columba's Church, Fresno, California: We will never grow spiritually as an individual or as a body of people, until we recognize our total need. The bottom line is that we don't come to Church—we don't belong to this fellowship, this Body of Christ, to get made a little better. We don't come because it is a *nice* thing to do and after all, the *best* people do it. We don't come because we are "Ladies and Gentlemen" looking for "religion". We must be utterly desperate men and women in search of redemption. Without what we get here we face death, spiritual death. The fellowship of Christ's Body gives life and hope through faith and grace. When I get discouraged with the institutional church and its trappings, I need to get down to facts and remember I can't survive without this source of grace and power. It is good for me to remember that.

• Albert J. Nimeth, in *I Love You*, as appeared in The Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit bulletin, Waco, Texas: Mature adjustment accepts the fact that for every advantage of marriage, a corresponding liberty is affected. Marriage gives

strength but demands accountability. Marriage gives social stability but curtails social activity. Marriage gives solace but demands surrender. For this one needs resiliency, the ability to bounce back, the ability to keep changing because life itself is a constant, relentless, mystifying change.

• The Rev'd Segundo Galilea, in *The Future of Our Past*: An important condition for reading the mystics is that it should be done at the right moment in one's spiritual development. In order to grasp and interpret what they are trying to tell us from their very different linguistic and cultural context, and in order to get the benefit of their experience and message enriched by our own experience and contemporary outlook, we need a certain amount of maturity and wisdom. One arrives at the classics; one doesn't begin with them. In order to appreciate a great tradition, one has to be an adult, at least in spirit. I know people who have rediscovered the great mystics [whom they had read in their initial formation, but abandoned later] after they had gone through many crises and transformations and had traveled a long way in their Christian and pastoral lives. Their re-encounter with the great mystics, far from being a backward step in their journey, was really a sign that they had become mature travelers.

CHOSEN VESSELS

BEHIND THE SCENES AND INSIDE THE BOOK

by Charles Turner
Editor-Author



N 1983 SERVANT PUBLICATIONS produced an interesting book entitled *Bright Legacy*. Between its covers were prose portraits of ten Christian women by ten Christian women. Kitty Muggeridge wrote about Mother Teresa. Madeleine L'Engle wrote about a beloved nanny. The other contributions added up, in like diversity, to what my

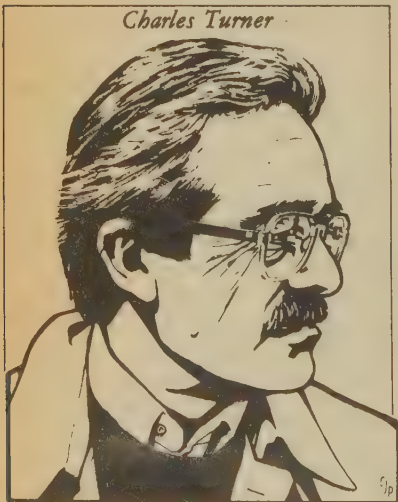
mother would have called a lovely hodgepodge. (My mother didn't think a bouquet was a bouquet unless it sported every color and every kind of flower in the garden.)

"Nice job," I said to Ann Spangler, the Servant editor who had worked on the book. "Now what about a male version?"

A few days later she telephoned to say that Servant liked the idea. She asked if I would serve as editor and contribute one of the portraits myself. I accepted with enthusiasm. Good manners might have suggested that I accept as editor *or* contributor, but I confess I delighted in wearing both hats. My editorial privileges included the selection of the other writers but not their subjects. The subjects had to be men of their own choosing, Christians they esteemed in a very personal way, who perhaps had been a strong influence in their own faith.

IN A COUPLE OF CASES, however, combinations came to my mind right off: Harry Blamires on C.S. Lewis, Malcolm Muggeridge on

Charles Turner



Alexander Solzhenitsyn. I knew that Blamires had studied under Lewis, and that Lewis had encouraged him in his writing. I knew that Muggeridge had recently interviewed Solzhenitsyn, and that Solzhenitsyn's Christianity had impressed him. So I was not in the least surprised when Blamires and Muggeridge, upon their gracious acceptance of the invitation to take part, chose to write about those respective subjects. And the results greatly enrich *Chosen Vessels*. Remembrances of Mr. Lewis abound nowadays, but it seems to me that Blamires takes us closer to him than anyone else has—close enough to catch a whiff of his pipe smoke! Muggeridge, whose precision of thought and phrase is widely known by those who care about a precision of thought and phrase, has structured his contribution around the transcript of his interview, thereby paying Solzhenitsyn the honor of letting him speak for himself, and thereby allowing readers to “hear” firsthand, without literary increase or reduction, the qualities that express from the man.

Anyone who has read *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made* [EBC, Winter, 1981] and/or *In His Image* [EBC, Summer 1984] will understand why I asked Philip Yancey to write a piece for *Chosen Vessels*. His work with Dr. Paul Brand in authoring those books convinced me that he would deliver a memorable por-



trait, whoever the subject. It makes perfect sense that he chose to write about the other half of the duo. Yancey takes us with him on his first visit to the leprosarium in Carsville, Louisiana, and we get to know Dr. Brand as he got to know him—bare feet and all. For us, as it was for Yancey, to meet Dr. Brand is to grow spiritually.

CHARLES COLSON, whose involvement in the Watergate scandal prefaced a conversion that no doubt caused a number of sensation-weary newsreaders to question his sincerity, has proven in the years since his release from prison that his life in Christ is genuine. His commitment to prison ministries and prison reform reveals that he hears our Lord distinctly in areas where some of us prefer to hear him vaguely. He has

proven also that his writing ability is not confined to telling of his own experience. The last example is the chapter he has contributed to *Chosen Vessels*. Here is a mini-biography of William Wilberforce, the member of Parliament who fought long and determinedly against slave trade. The link between the writer and his subject is clear, though two centuries divide them in time and their Christian consciences reply to different issues.

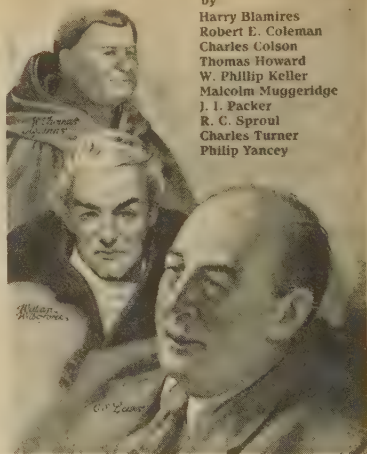
Dr. J. I. Packer writes about Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones, Pastor of London's Westminster Chapel for thirty years. Anglican Packer says flatly that non-Anglican Lloyd-Jones was the greatest man he has ever known. This is interesting, coming from an Englishman whose natural tendency is toward understatement, and it becomes even more interesting as Packer tells of his refusal to leave the Anglican Communion when the other advises him to. As evangelicals, the two shared many of the same concerns, but in regard to matters of churchly responsibility they lived in opposite minds. I congratulate Dr. Packer on this portrait. He has written with a true ecumenical spirit and with objectivity.

TWO OF THE contributors elected to write about their fathers. W. Phillip Keller, author of the Zondervan bestseller *A Shepherd Looks at the 23rd Psalm*, tells of Otto C. Keller, who for twenty-

Chosen Vessels

Portraits of Ten Outstanding Christian Men

by
Harry Blamires
Robert E. Coleman
Charles Colson
Thomas Howard
W. Phillip Keller
Malcolm Muggeridge
J. I. Packer
R. C. Sproul
Charles Turner
Philip Yancey



eight years served as a lay missionary in Africa. This story deserved to be told, and the son has composed it as an unabashed paean to his dad. Thomas Howard, whose books and articles and letters have been good company for me for a long time, whose tone of understanding I seek whenever I must "chat" with someone else who believes that the real is mystical and the mystical is real, has, in writing of Philip E. Howard, produced one of the finest character studies I have ever read. This father, editor of *The Sunday School Times* for many years, was an ornithologist, a serious hiker, a fly-fisherman, and a bit of a wonderful snob when it came to canoeing.

R. C. Sproul and Robert E.

Coleman have written about two theological giants, Thomas Aquinas and Blaise Pascal. Although both of these scholarly contributors identify with the heritage of the Reformation, they boldly bring us into the presence of these remarkable men of the Roman Catholic past, men in whom there was no disjuncture between intellect and faith. Sproul makes it plain he is paying Saint Thomas the homage that many Protestants have denied him. Pascal's insights into the reality of God have captivated and challenged Coleman ever since he was introduced to him at graduate school. The Pascal portrait presented in *Chosen Vessels* is definitely that of a friend with whom Coleman has spent numerous rewarding hours.

MY OWN ENTRY is T. Stanley Soltau, missionary to Korea from

the teens of this century until World War II. He is in the book because he was a "vessel of God" in my life—and because I loved him.

Put the portraits all in a volume and what do we have? Once again, sort of a hodgepodge. But isn't that what the friends of Jesus have always been? I think of his original disciples, and of his whole body of believers down through the ages. I think of the many garbs he wears today. The story of Christian life and character is not the same story over and over. Even within a particular communion.

So it would seem that a mix like this is not improper.

That we are "fitly joined together" can be seen only from God's perspective, I imagine.

—from EBC's *EMBERTIDINGS*,
Autumn, 1985.

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SAINT ALBAN'S

Past - Present - Future

TWO YEARS BEFORE his 1980 retirement, Bishop Richard B. Martin, then Executive for Ministries at the Episcopal Church Center in New York, wrote, "The Holy Spirit is full of surprises and one of these surprises is my discovery of, and visit with, the priest and people of St Alban's Church.

"The congregation is unfettered by tradition and wealth. Its existence elicits the talents and gifts of everyone without exception. Everyone is needed and made to feel needed.

"The Church of St Alban has a lovely setting. There is something appealing and unique about the location that is good for the reflective and contemplative mind.

"I just can't get over the marvelous way that you have

transformed the barn into an attractive and practical church building."

Pictures oftentimes *do* speak loudly. On these two pages may be viewed physical evidence of growth in one Episcopal parish, St Alban's of Hickory, North Carolina. Established only in 1973 as a centennial mission project of Hickory's Church of the Ascension, 27 parish families ventured forth as "missionaries."

In December of 1973, a five acre tract of land was purchased with an added bonus, an old dairy barn, inspiring the creativity of the Rev'd Randolph Ferebee, then vicar, now rector, and the mission families. The congregation moved into the remodeled "Old Barn" in November of 1974 and completed the interior renovation the following June.

1976-1978 saw much added parish growth, exterior landscaping, a needed new bridge installed and the first congregational activity in the new Parish Hall in February of 1978.

With the aid of a planning loan from the Episcopal Church Building Fund, a 3-phase Master Plan has been developed, adopted and is

The Past "Old Barn"



moving forward. The goals of this plan were that any expansion should be able to be built in phases, and take into account the unique

character of St Alban's community of faith. All being accomplished must support the *feeling* of family *and* witness to the Gospel of Christ.



An artist's sketch, above, of St Alban's as it appears in the present, since 1978, and below: another artist's rendering of the future church and connecting wing in the on-going Master plan.





THE SPECIAL MOTHER

MOST WOMEN BECOME MOTHERS by accident, some by choice, a few by social pressure, and a couple by habit.

This year, nearly 100,000 women will become mothers of handicapped children. Did you ever wonder how mothers of handicapped children are chosen?

Somehow, I visualize God hovering over Earth selecting His instruments for propagation with great care and deliberation. As He observes, He instructs His angels to make notes in a giant ledger.

"Armstrong, Beth, son. Patron saint: Matthew.

"Forrest, Marjorie, daughter. Patron saint: Cecilia.

"Rutledge, Carrie, twins. Patron saint ... give her Gerard. He's used to profanity."

Finally, He passes a name to an angel and smiles, "Give her a handicapped child."

The angel is curious. "Why this one, God? She's so happy."

"Exactly," smiles God. "Could I give a handicapped child a mother who does not know laughter? That would be cruel."

"But does she have patience?" asks the angel.

"I don't want her to have too much patience, or she will drown in a sea of self-pity and despair. Once the shock and resentment wear off, she'll handle it.

"I watched her today. She has that sense of self and independence that is so rare and so necessary in a mother. You see, the child I'm going to give her has his own world. She has to make it live in her world and that's not going to be easy."

"But Lord, I don't think she even believes in you."

God smiles. "No matter, I can fix that. This one is perfect. She has just enough selfishness."

The angel gasps. "Selfishness? Is that a virtue?"

God nods. "If she can't separate herself from the child occasionally, she'll never survive. Yes, here is a woman whom I will bless with a child less than perfect. She doesn't realize it yet, but she is to be envied.

"She will never take for granted a spoken word. She will never consider a step ordinary. When her child says 'Momma' for the first time, she will be witness to a miracle and know it. When she describes a tree or a sunset to her blind child, she will see it as few people ever see my creations.

"I will permit her to see clearly the things I see ignorance, cruelty, prejudice ... and allow her to rise above them. She will never be alone. I will be at her side every minute of every day of her life because she is doing my work as surely as if she were here by *my* side."

"And what about her patron saint?" asks the angel, his pen poised in mid-air.

God smiles. "A mirror will suffice."

—*Holy Trinity Trumpet*, Holy Trinity Episcopal Church,
Dickinson, Diocese of Texas.

P.S. The following week a wise and loving editorial by Andrea Bell, a parishoner, appeared in the *Holy Trinity Trumpet* reminding readers that the [above] article was printed to *applaud* mothers of special children, but that it might give a false image of God. Our Father does not send evil to produce good, though He can use it *for* good. No! God is a God of compassion, of healing, of aid. Truly God is our Friend, not a distributor of handicaps, diseases, infirmities. ✠

BY WILL AND DEED

* **UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH**, Sewanee, Tennessee: A grant of \$150,000 from the Andrew W. Mellon and the William and Flora Hewlett Foundations, to be matched over the next three years by the University's raising \$450,000, to provide a Presidential Discretionary Fund as part of Sewanee's \$50-million Century II Fund campaign. An \$800,000 grant by the Tonya Memorial Foundation, along with \$200,000 raised by the University, will go to endow the Frank W. Wilson Professorship of Political Economy and to endow student internships in that field. A \$750,000

grant from the Harry G. Steele Foundation will endow the Nick B. Williams Chair of English.

* **ST THOMAS'**, Hanover, Diocese of New Hampshire: \$25,000 from the estate of F. Manning Moody who served as church treasurer for 33 years. The unrestricted nature of the gift is something that, as one vestry member put it, "only a former treasurer would fully appreciate".

* **CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR**, Oatlands, Diocese of Virginia: An anonymous parishioner had a \$22,000 bequest to the parish in his will, but since he hoped to live a good while yet, arranged for an "advance bequest".

* **COWLEY PUBLICATIONS**, Cambridge, Massachusetts: A grant of \$50,000 from Trinity Parish, New York City, to this small non-profit publisher of books by scholars and church professionals for the general reader of theology and spirituality. [Please see *We Recommend*.] Established in 1980 under the aegis of the Society of St John the Evangelist, the funding enables this press to expand to a full-time staff of three and to continue to develop new voices in contemporary Anglican thinking.

* **SPCK/USA** received a \$10,000 donation from St Thomas Church in New York City, to be used for projects in Latin America, including a Spanish translation of the Education for Ministry program for Mexico and

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a Theological Education by Extension program for Cuba.

* **ST JUDE'S RANCH FOR CHILDREN**, Boulder City, Nevada: \$10,000 from the will of Mrs Flora Siedentopf, Newport Beach, California, and the heirs of Mrs Jossie Hughes, Oregon, transferred \$1,000 from her estate to the Ranch.

* **HILLSPEAK**, Eureka Springs, Arkansas: from the estate of Gilbert N. Brookhart of Oceanside, California, a bequest to *The Anglican Digest* of \$21,907.03.

* **CHRIST MEMORIAL CHAPEL**, Hobe Sound, Diocese of Southeast

Florida: \$9,400 from the estate of Calvin Fentress, Jr., of Lake Forest, Illinois, who during the winter months of more than 20 years regarded Christ Memorial as his "second church home". The vestry has decided to use the bequest to complete landscaping of the parish's Memorial Garden where Mr. Fentress is buried.

WISDOM

Search thy heart; what paineth thee in others in thyself may be.

—*Catholic Quote.*



THE BIBLE BRAIN TEASER

In the following paragraph are 16 books of The Bible. As you find them, underline or circle them. Answers are on page 45...and NO FAIR peeking ahead at the answers.

"Once I made some remarks about hidden books in the Bible. It was a lulu; kept some people looking so hard for facts and to others it was a revelation. Some were in a jam, especially since the books were not capitalized. But the real truth came home to numbers of readers; to others it was a real job. We want it to be a most fascinating few minutes for you. Yes, there will be some easy ones to spot. Others might require judges to determine. We will quickly admit it usually takes a minister to find them and there will be loud lamenations when you see how easy it is. A little lady says if she brews tea, she can concentrate better. See how well you compete. Relax now, there are sixteen in this paragraph."—from St Luke's, Bartlesville, Oklahoma. HAVE FUN! HERE'S A KEY: DON'T LET PUNCTUATION MARKS STAND IN THE WAY.



A MERRY HEART

Proverbs 15:3

AFTER GOD CREATED the world, He made man and woman. Then, to keep the whole thing from collapsing, He invented humor.

—*All Saints' News*,
All Saints' Church,
Beverly Hills, California,
Diocese of Los Angeles.

MEDICO-ECCLESIASTICAL DISEASES:

Liturgical Aphasia—A sudden stoppage of the vocal organs during hymns and chants and at the end of prayers, resulting in either complete silence or a thin, reedy sound of uncertain pitch. Found more often in males than in females. Recovering is usually immediate when the patient is given coffee in the Parish Hall.

Prie-Dieu Slump—A weakness of the upper frame when the patient is kneeling. The result is a falling forward of the head onto any convenient support and a similar action of the rear in the opposite direction. The patient does not black out, but goes into a deep torpor, and is not fully aware of his surroundings.

Chancelphobia—A morbid fear of

the front area of ecclesiastical buildings, especially of the section near the pulpit. The patient is struck by an attack near the door, and collapses into the nearest seat. *Double Auricular Clearance*—A condition due to the simultaneous opening of both eardrums, permitting sound to leave one ear after entering the other. The situation is acute when the sound waves carry warnings, admonitions, or instructions.

Homiletical Syndrome—A state of semi-trance due to exposure to vocal sounds in a large room. The condition is hastened if there is a heavy scent of flowers and the lighting is inadequate. The patient tends to lose touch with reality and often has an inadequate perception of time lapse. In acute cases the patient may become totally unconscious.

—St John's Church *Bulletin*
Harrison, Diocese of Arkansas

THOSE VESTRY MEETINGS!
The Chairman said they did not want a repetition of the farce that occurred on the last occasion when the Vestry met. He said: "A lot of

sand was thrown in our eyes. This time we want something more concrete."

"We'll name this baby Theophilus."

"Why such a name?"

"Because he's Theophilus looking baby we've ever seen."

—Coley Parish
West Yorkshire, England

FR BOB HOLZHAMMER, Episcopal priest in Iowa City, Iowa, does announcing for local sports events and can be counted on to provide a good line: "If all the people who go to sleep in church were laid end to end, they'd be more

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comfortable."

—The Cedar Rapids Gazette, Iowa.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED by Bishop Alex D. Dickson: "Forget priest—sin is better." From a parishioner of St John's in Martin, Tennessee, whose parish had been long without. Bishop Dickson remarked upon receipt, "I think I had better go talk to those people."

—Tennessee Churchman

BIBLE BRAIN TEASER ANSWERS:



In the following paragraph are 16 books of The Bible. (Here are the answers. How did you do?)

"Once I made some reMARKS about hidden books in the Bible. It was a luLU; KEpt some people looKEng So hard for FACTS and to others it was a REVELATION. Some were in a JAM, ESpecially since the books were not capitalized. But the real TRUTH came home to NUMBERS of readers; to others it was a real JOB. We want it to be A MOST fascinating few minutes for you. YES, THERE will be some easy ones to spot. Others might require JUDGES to determine. We will quickly admiT IT USually takes a minister to find them and there will be loud LAMENATIONS when you see how easy it is. A little lady says if sHE BREWS tea, she can concentrate better. See how well you compETE. Relax now, there are sixteen in this paragraph."—from St Luke's, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

BURIALS

✠ **Paul B. Anderson**, 90, associate editor of *The Living Church* and co-founder of the YMCA Press in Paris, the largest Russian publisher outside of Russia, who was born in Iowa, received a degree from the University of Iowa and a doctorate from the Russian Theological Institute in Paris, who spent half a century ministering in China, Russia and Europe and worked thereafter on Anglican-Orthodox relations, who was in Moscow at the time of the 1917 revolution and returned with Presiding Bishop John M. Allin on a 1977 visit to Orthodox leaders, from St James Church, Black Mountain, Diocese of Western North Carolina, with burial in Whiting, Iowa.

✠ **William Henry Dunphy**, 85, retired priest and author, who held degrees from Harvard, General Theological Seminary and the University of Chicago, who served parishes in Pennsylvania and Illinois and taught or served as chaplain at Nashotah House Seminary, Convent of St Helena in Kentucky, St Mary's School in New York, and Philadelphia Divinity School, whose books include *The Living Temple* and *The Body of Christ*, from Emmanuel Church, La Grange, Diocese of Chicago.

✠ **James Harold Flye**, 100, retired priest and teacher, who had degrees from Yale and the University of Virginia and attended General Theological Seminary, who served at St Andrew's School in Tennessee and at St Luke's, New York City, from St Andrew's Chapel, Sewanee, Diocese of Tennessee. [Please see article on page 30.]

✠ **Charles A. Higgins**, 72, retired dean and rector of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock, outspoken advocate of desegregation during the Little Rock school crisis of the 1950's, missionary to China, interned by the Japanese after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, who served parishes in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and Waco, Texas, and established church schools at Waco and Little Rock, who was born in West Virginia and held degrees from West Virginia Institute of Technology and Virginia Theological Seminary, who retired to Sewanee in 1977 to become director of bands and secretary to the trustees, from All Saints Chapel, Sewanee, Diocese of Tennessee.

✠ **Marion Macdonald Kelleran**, 81, founding member and officer of the Anglican Consultative Council and innovative educator, who was born in Canada, a graduate of the University of Buffalo, and director of Christian education for the Diocese of Washington from 1946 to 1962, who joined the faculty of the Virginia Theological Seminary

in 1963 and retired therefrom in 1973 as full professor and chairwoman of the pastoral theology department, from Immanuel-on-the-Hill, Alexandria, Diocese of Virginia.

✠ **Kenneth Alexander Morris**, 88, physician and longtime vestryman and warden of St John's Cathedral, Jacksonville, Florida, who founded the East Jacksonville Neighborhood Health Center and served on the hospital ship HOPE, and in whose honor the Cathedral's new Convalescent Center was dedicated last year, from St John's Cathedral, Jacksonville, Diocese of Florida.

✠ **Joseph Scott Peddie**, 67, retired priest and Air Force colonel, who before his ordination in 1962 had a distinguished military career, who had a degree from the United States Military Academy and studied at the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Lexington, who served parishes in Barnwell and Sumter, South

Carolina, and Lexington, Georgetown, and Maysville, Kentucky, and was Priest-in-charge at St Francis, Flemingsburg at the time of his death, from Church of the Nativity, Maysville, Diocese of Lexington.

✠ **William Sherman Smothers**, 48, a Canon Missionary of the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas and Vicar of St Peter's Episcopal Church, Conway, Arkansas, who held degrees from Norwich University in Vermont and the Philadelphia Divinity School, who served as Rector of St Peter's in DeValls Bluff and Trinity Church of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and who was at the time of death attending a meeting of the board for the Center for Hispanic Ministries at the Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest in Austin, Texas, from Trinity Cathedral Parish, Little Rock, Diocese of Arkansas, with burial at the columbarium of St Francis, Heber Springs, Arkansas.



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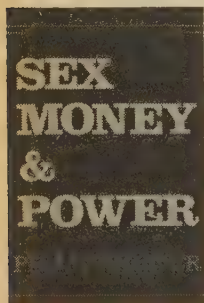
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WE RECOMMEND



§ For anyone who looks to the Trinity as a sound theological model for guiding our social exchanges, read *SEX, MONEY & POWER* by Philip Turner. [Cowley, \$7.95] Author



and professor of ethics at General Theological Seminary, Fr Turner argues convincingly that our

understanding of ethics is tied up with

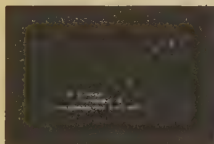
the way we structure our exchanges with other people. He urges the Church, through its recognition of the power of the Trinity and through its own giving and receiving community of believers, to overcome its blindness toward the vital areas of sex, money and power and lead society to a renewed ethical awareness of full and fair exchanges. Turner writes, "To do and speak the truth is to transform our exchanges of sex, money and power so that they may display the mystery of God's life and purpose, and so serve to draw all people more deeply into that mystery." This book is a

"must" for those seeking a definitive process for the coming of the Kingdom of God.

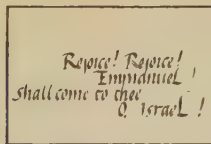


§ To clergy and lay leaders desiring to teach simply and effectively the sacramental life and nature of the Church, that they get in touch with St Andrew's Episcopal Church, 16360 Hubbard Road, Livonia, Michigan 48154 [the Rev'd Kenneth G. Davis, rector] requesting a copy of their 28-page, black & white illustrated booklet on *THE SACRAMENTS*, which is designed in a clean straightforward manner for instructing *all* ages. It is a commendable type of printed piece that many parishes could and should undertake to aid their parishoners' spiritual growth and maturity. [TAD suggests you send along a small donation to defray costs, of course.]

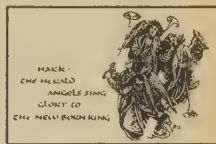
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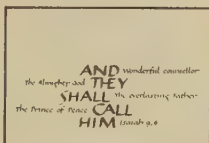
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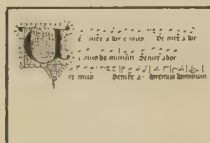
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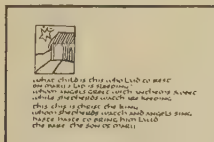
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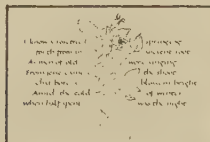
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QUARTER WATCH

¶ HUGUENOT HERITAGE:

Parishes and churchmen with Huguenot connections in their history may already know that 1985 is an anniversary year—the 300th year since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes compelled French Protestants [Huguenots] to escape from France and seek refuge in other countries. In Britain, a “Huguenot Heritage” is being organized marking, amongst other things, the contribution to Christian life and thought made by descendants of those first refugee families. Oxford Movement leaders, Pusey and Newman, were both of Huguenot descent, as are numerous churchmen in America, including TAD’s editor. Details to help individuals or parishes mark this anniversary with special remembrances are available from the Huguenot Heritage Office, Queen Anne Chambers, 3 Dean Farrar St., London SW1H 9L6.

¶ THE AMERICAN BIBLE

SOCIETY reminds us that on November 24, 1985, the Sunday before Thanksgiving, millions of Churchgoers will celebrate another American tradition, Bible Sunday, a well-entrenched annual custom which traces its lineage back to an England deep in the Reformation, more than 400 years ago. Churchgoers of that time were asked to “read, mark, learn and inwardly digest” scripture. ABS introduced the observance of Bible Sunday to America at the turn of the century and from 1915 onward it has been an annual event. 1985 sees the 71st year of continual celebration.

¶ JOHN V. HICKS of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan writes a delightful note to TAD: I enjoyed “Preludes and Postludes” in the PENTECOST A D 1985 Issue. I myself have always adopted a somewhat withdrawn (or do I mean

THE IMPORTANCE OF LOVE

A lot of times, if I don’t let love out to other people, I begin to withdraw and create a vacuum in me; and the darkness comes in. If my life is not a flow of the love of God into me and through me to others, the well dries up. That’s how important it is that we love one another.

—Rev’d Morton T. Kelsey, in *St Paul’s Epistle*, St Paul’s Church Shreveport, Louisiana, Diocese of Western Louisiana

cynical?) view, in the matter of playing before and after the service. I like to tell people on occasion that the voluntaries are the organist's private devotions, and he should not be disturbed. As a reason for playing voluntaries, by the way, this seems to satisfy me very well.

There is an old "postlude" story about an organist who decided to run a little test. He chose himself a substantial theme and worked it up gradually to a thundering climax, everything speaking including the tubas, and then suddenly stopped dead. At this point a woman's voice was heard to scream, "We always fry ours in lard!"

¶ WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of nice notes, here's one of many that truly warmed TAD's heart:

Dear Sirs:

Praise God for the new contents of *The Anglican Digest*. I could hardly wait to get it all read.

I was so ready to ask that you quit sending it. I was tired of fighting the battle of the Book of Common Prayer—and all the outworn traditions that went with it.

You have kept the best of the old and re-newed it. Thank you. I am enclosing a check and a list of names to whom I ask you send TAD.

For His sake,
(s) Pauline Fitch

PS: The extra money will help pay for the years I didn't send money!

TAD's own postscript: *The Perils of Pauline are past!*

¶ MAKES-THE-HEART-GLAD DEPARTMENT:

¶ The Order of the Daughters of The King celebrated its 100th anniversary at the Triennial which immediately preceded the Church's General Convention in September. The Daughters too often work quietly in the background and little is known of their praiseworthy ministry.

¶ The Episcopal Radio-TV Foundation of Atlanta is celebrating its own 40th Anniversary this year, replete with many honors for its outstanding service to the Church,



One of our favorite cartoons of the late and much beloved Fred Pope, artist, poet and priest.

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including the George Foster Peabody Award. Sales and contributions are at an all-time high.

¶ Kanuga Conferences, an Episcopal center near Hendersonville, Diocese of Western North Carolina, has successfully completed a 10-month capital campaign that raised \$1,552,064 surpassing its goal of \$1.5 million.

¶ Churchmen concerned with lagging evangelism will be pleased to

know that on a world-wide basis 63,000 people become Christians every day and 1,000 new churches open every week, according to a report from the Diocese of Blackburn.

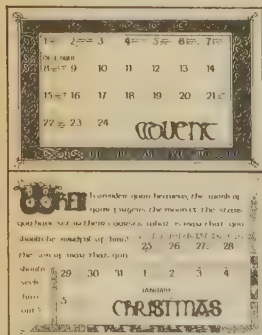
¶ *The Anglican Digest* hopes that readers who wrote expressing interest in the articles on RENEWAL scheduled to begin in this [MICHAELMAS] issue will not be too disappointed to learn they will not be appearing in TAD. Our regrets!

¶ But *The Anglican Digest* will be appearing—by the Grace and Mercy of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—possibly in Advent and Holiday finery—early in the soon-coming Advent season.

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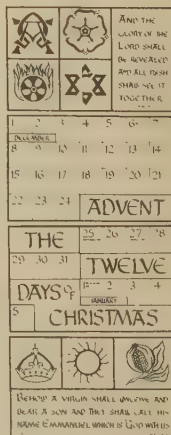
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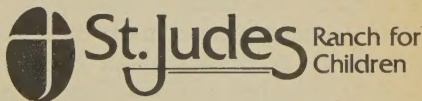
HOPE begins HERE



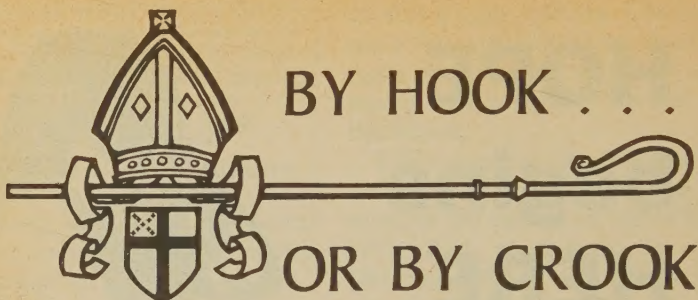
The boys and girls who come to us are full of fear. They're homeless. Often, they've been abandoned or physically and emotionally abused. They've quit hoping things will get better.

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BY HOOK . . . OR BY CROOK

ALTHOUGH THE FEAST OF MICHAELMAS explodes our parochial and petty views of the universe and invites us to look beyond the horizons of our minds and earthly telescopes to the world of heaven with the angels and the archangels, it also [if we stay with the analogy] does not permit us to ignore those "large black holes" which astronomers have identified in their probings of the universe. For Michaelmas also re-affirms the reality of evil, as something more than merely the absence of good. "There was war in heaven." War, revolution, the forces of evil, were all part of the story of heaven before they got into the headlines of newspapers on earth. Writers like C.S. Lewis, Madeleine L'Engle and J.R.R. Tolkien often, under the cover of children's stories or myths, leave us under no illusion and draw our attention to what every child through games and imagination already knows: the *goodies* and the *baddies* are more than just a game: they are woven into the fabric of our universe at every turn of history.

YET OUR CONTEMPORARY church seldom sees itself as involved in battle. The image of war—so distasteful to our contemporary world—is seldom heard in the vocabulary of our church. We prefer to speak in a homey way about the family of the church, rather than to speak of soldiers of Christ, armed and ready for battle. We seem to have lost our nerve for this kind of talk, settling for discussion groups and dialogue.

Nevertheless, as C.S. Lewis so often reminds us, the devil never feels more secure than when Christians cease to believe in him and exchange confrontation for therapy. We may like to think that we have come a long way since Luther threw his ink-well at the devil to renounce temptation. Have we? Perhaps the devil has!

Strangely, at a time when the churches are turning down the volume in their emphasis on the reality of evil and the powers of darkness, the secular world is turning up the volume and is under no illusions about those same powers of darkness. A recent article in the Wall Street Journal suggested the need to classify the lyrics of popular songs [as with films and videos] under the headings of violence, pornography and occult.

"CHRISTUS VICTOR" is that view of our redemption which emphasizes the cosmic conflict between good and evil and sees Jesus wrestling in the Garden of Agony with an angel appearing from heaven to "strengthen him." The Christian Church is allied to Christ in that conflict, and in such a summons surely the language of battle rather than of therapy is much more appropriate than contemporary Christian chatter seems to suggest. The cosmic victory is won, but the underground resistance movement on earth still persists and never more intensely, scripture reminds us, than when "the end draws near".

"Send thine Archangel Michael to our succor:
Peace-maker blessed, may he banish from us
Striving and hatred, watching o'er thy temples
Where thou are worshipped".

—The Rt Rev'd Michael Marshall, *Episcopal Director*

The Anglican Digest
HILLSPEAK
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Dear TAD:

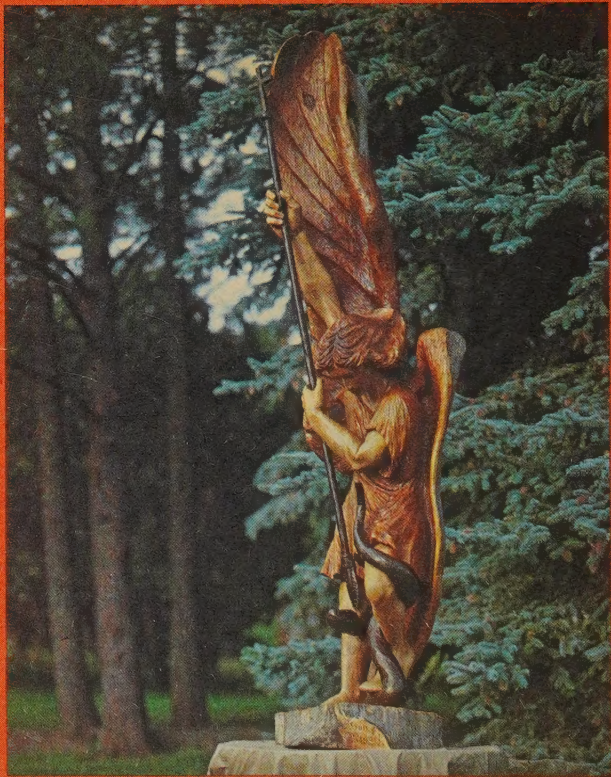
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